

L. REMEDY,
and competent to the cure of
all diseases, will be found in
an Vegetable
PILLS,
in College of Health.

are composed of Plants which
grow in the fields, and are therefore, better
than medicines concocted from
minerals, and are perfectly safe, and the
PILLS are furnished upon
analysis in truth.

one DISEASE,
said medicine cures this disease
PRINCIPLES,
the body; it will be manifest
entirely exhausted—a perfect
direction, is absolutely certain
from the body.

VEGETABLE PILLS
is not the very best medicine in
the world.

ING PRINCIPLE,
all morbid and corrupt humors
and NATURAL MAN-
kind.

ND PLEASURE,
is given from the body.
VEGETABLE PILLS, how-
ever, and we can now
know, that of all the various
medicines, not one has given
more permanent relief than
the pills, and all who use it
of the most astonishing cures.

entirely exhausted—a perfect
direction, is absolutely certain
from the body.

VEGETABLE PILLS,
PILLS are attaining great cele-
brity, and are sold at the depot of
the College of Health, No. 188
Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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POETRY.

A DREAM.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

I had a dream—a strange, wild dream—
Said a dear voice at early light;
And even yet its shadows seem
To linger in my waking sight.

Earth green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morn before me stood;
And air, just wakened, softly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.

Birds sang within the sprouting shade,
Bees hummed amid the whispering grass,
And children prattled as they played
Beside the rivulet's dimpling grass.

Fast climbed the sun—the flowers were frown;
There played no children in the glen;
For some were gone, and some were grown
To blooming dames and bearded men.

'Twas noon, 'twas summer—I beheld
Woods darkening in the flush of day,
And that bright rivulet spread and swelled,
A mighty stream, creek and bay.

And here was love and there was strife,
And mirthful shouts and wrathful cries,
And strong men struggling as for life,
With knotted limbs and angry eyes.

Now stooped the sun—the shades grow thin;
The rustling paths were piled with leaves;
And sun-burnt groups were gathering in,
From the shorn field, its fruits and sheaves.

The river heaved with sullen sounds,
The chilly wind was sad with moans;
Black heaves passed, and burial grounds
Grew thick with monumental stones.

Still waned the day; the wind that chased
The jagged clouds, blew chillier yet;
The woods were stripped, the fields were waste;
The wintry sun was near its set.

And the young, and strong, and fair,
A lonely remnant, gray and weak;
Lingered and shivered to the air
Of that drear shore and water bleak.

Age! age is drear, and death is cold!
I turned to thee, for thou wert near,
And saw thee withered, bowed and old,
And woke all faint with sudden fear.

'Twas thus I heard the dreamer say,
And bade her close her clouded brow;
For thou and I, since childhood's day,
Have walked in such a dream till now.

"Watch we its shadows as they fly,
And wait the morn that soon must break,
And mark with calm, undreading eye,
The vision's meaning, till we wake."

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOLF STORY.

Some forty years since, a gentleman purchased
a large tract of land in Delaware county, New
York, near the source of the Delaware river.
He had employed a number of hands to make a
clearing, on a slightly rising piece contiguous to
the stream. Sometime after it was completed,
he was induced to stroll that way; and attracted
by a noise on the opposite side, as of animals
running, or in chase, and apparently making to-
wards where he was. As wild animals were then
more abundant, and having no weapon to defend
himself if attacked, he was induced to seek safety
in one of the adjoining trees, doubtless thinking
"discretion the better part of valor." He
had barely seated himself on one of the limbs,
when he heard a sudden rush and plunge, as of
a heavy body in the water, nearly opposite to
where he was, which was immediately succeeded
by another, and almost as soon as thought, a fine
buck made his appearance in the clearing, and
close to his heels a fierce-looking wolf. It was
evident from the appearance of both, that the
run had been arduous and well-contested; but
he of the antlers had not gone out of sight, be-
fore his ruthless foe was upon him and his strug-
gles were soon ended in death. Though tempt-
ing, the gentleman had no idea of contending
for the prize with his savage and half-famished
looking neighbor; he therefore made up his
mind to let the wolf finish his repast even to re-
pletion if desired, ere he descended. But to his
surprise, his wolfship seemed not so inclined—
for having satisfied himself that his prey was life-
less, and casting his eye around apparently for
the purpose of ascertaining his whereabouts he
retraced his steps, and after passing the river he
was soon out of sight and hearing.

The gentleman thinking it strange the wolf
had left his prey with his hunger unappeased,
descended from the tree, and being a strong,
athletic man, and moreover not being too strong-
ly impressed with the prevailing notion that, "to
the victor belongs the spoil," shouldered the car-
cass of the buck, and carrying it some distance,
hid it in a close set thicket; and as he was much
puzzled to account for the action of the wolf in
leaving it untasted, and thinking there was some-
thing in it more than met the eye, he concluded
to return to his station in the tree and wait the
result, particularly as the sun was at some three
or four hours in height.

Sometime had elapsed before the monotony
was broken, when sundry yelps were heard in
the distance, as of animals fast approaching;
anon a plunge into the water, followed by a gen-
eral one, and the leader appeared in the clearing,
in the victorious wolf, much elated, with glisten-
ing eyes, head, ears, and tail erect; accompanied
by his fellows, he dashed to the spot. Not
seeing his prey, he appeared struck with con-
sternation, his head and tail dropped, and it was
evident that he was suffering under an acute pa-
roxism of fear. His companions also seemed
much surprised, for a moment looking at the ap-
parent culprit with rueful glances, and emitting
occasional growls of disapprobation. They con-
tinued to scent and resent the ground around,
failing to find either the prey or the trail; then
turned with tory in their eyes upon the supposed
deceiver, and each fastened his deadly fang upon
him, he meeting his death as if deserved, with-
out resistance. With one of their peculiar howls,
they then betook themselves to the woods.

A Merry Andrew being asked by a young
aspirant for fame to inform him by what
means he might discover the difference between
the indefinite article *a* and the definite article
the? "Why, sir," said the clown, "you are
a fool, but I am the fool—that's the difference."

Orford Democrat

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THE TONGUE-BRIDGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"What is the trouble now?" asked Mrs. Ellis,
coming into the room where her daughter Maria
sat weeping bitterly.
"That will tell you," replied Maria, drying her
tears and handing her mother an open letter—
Mrs. Ellis read as follows:

TO MARIA ELLIS:
My dear Maria—I have just learned from Harriet Wilson that you
made rather free with my name yesterday. Now I would just
like to know if you did, or did not say, that you thought me
ever and above conceited; and if you did, what do you mean
by it? I am not used to be talked about in that way.
ANN HARRIS.

"And did you say so to Harriet Wilson?"
asked Mrs. Ellis.
"Yes, I did, and so to get out of it, I am
sure I cannot tell. I never dreamed Harriet was
such a tattler."

"You cannot deny it, of course."
"No, not up and down; but then, ma, it will
never do in the world to come right out and ac-
knowledge it point blank. I'd make Ann Harris
an enemy all my life."

"How very ungilded you are Maria! This
is the third or fourth time that you have brought
yourself into difficulty by your way of talking to
every one."

"I know I am imprudent, ma, sometimes; but
then I never can believe that young ladies with
whom I am intimate will not so meanly as to be-
come tattlers and mischief-makers, until it is too
late to make caution of any avail. But I'm done
with Harriet Wilson; I've broken off intimacy
with several girls already, for repeating what I
have said, and I will do the same with her."

"It would be much better, Maria," said her
mother, "if you would put a bridge on your tongue;
you would save yourself and others many unkind
thoughts and painful feelings."

"I know it would, ma, but then I can't always
be watching myself. It's impossible; I try often,
but it's no use."

"If you will persevere in trying, you will in
time gain such a control over yourself as to keep
you out of these unpleasant difficulties."

"Perhaps I might, but what shall I do now?
Ann has pinned me right down; and there is no
way of getting off, unless I say that Harriet must
have misunderstood me."

"That would be prevarication, Maria, if not
something more."

"Yes, it would; for I remember well enough,
that I said exactly what she reported."

"And you seriously think, Maria, that Ann is
conceited?"

"Yes, ma, I do, or I would not have said so."

"I think as you do, Maria, but then, there is
to me nothing offensive in the good opinion she
seems to entertain of herself."

"No, there is not, and had I not been some-
what flattered at the time, I never should have al-
luded to it."

"I suspected as much," Mrs. Ellis said. "And
under the circumstances, I am of the opinion that
the best way is frankly to own what you did say
what has been reported, and why you said it—
Such an honest confession will do you both good."

"I don't know, ma."

"Why do you doubt?"

"I don't believe that such an explanation will
soften her angry feelings at all."

"I am much inclined to think that you feel a
reluctance on your own account to pursue this
course."

"Well, perhaps I do," Maria said, after a
pause.

"You are evidently in the wrong, Maria, and
conscientiousness of this clouds your perception
of the true way to act. Now if you will let me
write your reply to Ann's note, I think all can
be brought around fair again."

"You are certainly at liberty to do so, ma; but
still, I should like to reserve the power of send-
ing or withholding it, as it seemed best to me—
Is this asking too much?"

"O, no, I would rather not send a reply, unless
you could see clearly that it was a right one."

"Then write me an answer, ma."

In the course of the day Mrs. Ellis prepared
the following draft of a reply to Ann's letter of
complaint, and submitted it to Maria:

TO MISS ANN HARRIS:
Dear Ann—I received your note complaining that I had
according to report, said unkind things of you. I cannot deny
that in a moment of ill humor, I was tempted to say that
you were conceited; and I am sorry that I said so, for I
know that it was not true, and I am sure that you are not
conceited. But it is not half so bad as the note I judged it
advised to you. Now, as I have confessed that I have a trait
in my disposition much worse than the one I alluded to in your
note, I must hope that you will forgive me.
Ever yours,
MARIA ELLIS.

"What do you think of that?" Mrs. Ellis said,
after she had finished reading the proposed reply.
"It's not exactly such a letter as I should have
written, but I believe it's a much better one, so
I will send it."

"I don't think it can do any harm, and it tells
the whole truth does it not?"

"Yes, it does, and in pretty plain terms, too,"
Maria said, smiling.
The letter was accordingly sent, and in the
course of a couple of hours another was received
from Ann Harris. It reads thus:

charitable thoughts give. If your restraints are
merely external, you will ever and anon be giving
the rein to your unruly member, and then trouble
will be the consequence."

Maria hardly understood her mother, and did
not reply, and there the conversation ceased.—
On the next morning, Clara Lee, another friend
called in, and after some chat, said:

"I hear you have had a little fall out with Ann
Harris—is it true?"

"There has been a little difference, but it is
all settled now," Maria replied. "That tattling
body, Harriet Wilson, went and repeated to
her that I said she was conceited. But she has
been well rewarded for her pains, for in a note
that I received from Ann, she expressed herself
pretty plainly about her, and said that she had a
fondness for retailing ill news, and that she should
talk to her about it."

"She is served perfectly right," the friend re-
marked; then musing, as if suddenly recollecting
herself, she added, "but I must be walking; I
have several calls to make this morning."

As soon as Clara Lee parted from Maria, she
turned away to see Harriet Wilson, who was one
of her very peculiar friends.

"So Harriet," she said, "Maria and Ann Har-
ris have made up their difference, and from what
I can learn from Maria, Ann is pretty hard on
you. She is going to take you to task for your
fondness for retailing ill news. As for Maria,
she don't spare on you, but calls you a tattling
body."

Of course, Harriet was greatly incensed, and
as soon as her friend was gone, put on her bon-
net, and posted off to see Ann Harris. She found
that young lady in, and commenced on her some-
thing in this wise:

"I understand, Miss, that you say I am a re-
tailer of ill news, and that you mean to take me
to task about it."

Ann was taken a good deal by surprise, and
felt pained and confused at the sudden allegation.
But before she could collect herself sufficient to
reply, Harriet said:

"I should like to know if what I have heard
be true?"

"It is true that I said," Ann now replied calm-
ly, "that when I saw you again I would talk to
you about your fondness for retailing ill news."

"You had no right to make such a charge a-
gainst me," Harriet said in an angry tone, her
face flushed, and her eyes sparkling. "It is
false!"

"If you were not angry, I perhaps, might con-
vince you that I had some ground for what I said,"
Ann replied, still in a collected voice. "All of
us have our faults; I have mine, and you have
yours, and each of us is too apt to see those of
others and are too blind to our own. If instead
of repeating to me the remarks made by Maria
Ellis, you had reflected a moment as to what pos-
sible good could grow out of it, and then resolved
not to speak it, all this trouble would have been
avoided."

"And do you pretend to tell me to my face,
that I am fond of retailing ill news?" Harriet
asked, as her anger greatly increased.

"I try, whenever I speak of another, to con-
fine myself to what I think the truth," Ann re-
plied, still in a calm voice, "and this I never re-
tract."

"Give me patience!" Harriet ejaculated, her
face now growing pale with passion.

"You are wrong, Harriet," said Ann, "thus
to be so much exasperated at a mere trifle. Re-
flect whether almost every day you do not, in
speaking of your friends, allude to their faults in
a way that you could not bear to be spoken of.
This is too common a practice; and be assured,
that you do not always escape in this general habit
of censoriousness. You are not faultless, and
it is not in the nature of things that you should
be."

Harriet could not collect her thoughts for a re-
ply, and Ann, after a pause, went on.

"If, when Maria Ellis, under the influence of
a momentary ill nature, she frankly confesses to
have been, spoke of me as she thought, in
calmer moments, you had restrained your propen-
sity to speak of such things, no harm could
have resulted from her thoughtless, and I might
almost say innocent allegation. But when you
came to me, and told me that she called me con-
ceited, it roused my feelings, and caused me to
ask for an explanation. With the frankness of a
generous spirit she at once confessed her fault,
and all would have been well again, if she had not
thoughtlessly repeated what I said in my note to
her about you."

But Harriet Wilson, though conscious that she
had acted wrong, was so incensed, as well as
mortified, that others should think her wrong, that
she neither could nor would confess her fault, but
braved it off with anger and defiance. As soon
as she had gone away, Ann sat down and penned
a note to Maria Ellis:

Dear Maria—I seem to see that our little difficulty is not yet
settled. I have just received a visit from Harriet Wilson, who
has treated me in a very strange manner about what I said in
my last note to you in reference to her fondness for repeating ill
news. I am sorry that you cannot meet with me to any one, as I
had not only prevented my making an effort to show Harriet
her fault, but had called down upon me her indignant censor.

Yours, &c.,
ANN HARRIS.

"What is the matter now," asked Mrs. Ellis,
who saw by the sudden change in her daughter's
countenance, that the note she had received was
by no means an agreeable one. "No more do-
ings of the unruly member, I hope."

Maria's face crimsoned deeply as she handed
her mother the note. After Mrs. Ellis had read
it, she said somewhat kindly, for she really felt
for Maria, in her unpleasant position:

"You have not put on the right tongue-bridge
yet, I see."

"I suppose not. But, indeed, ma, I try to be
guarded how and to whom I speak. I never should
have dreamed that Clara Lee would have gone

right off to Harriet Wilson and told her what I
said."

"But the best way is not to speak unkindly of
any one."

"How could I have helped it, mother, in this
case?"

"By simply questioning yourself as to your
real motive for making the communication. It
was not to do Harriet Wilson good, was it?"

"Well, I can't say, mother, that it was."

"Your real motive was to make Clara Lee
think meanly of her, was it not?"

"Why, ma! do you think I—?" Maria
paused and looked upon the floor, while her face
crimsoned.

"Probe yourself thoroughly, my child. It is
of the first importance for you to know distinctly
your own character. If you have taken pleasure
in the idea of injuring another because she has
wronged or offended you, you have indulged in
an evil affection which has lain concealed in your
mind, or it never could have been aroused into
activity."

Maria looked thoughtful and concerned, and
her mother continued—

"Surely my child, it is not by indulging this
evil that it is to be weakened, much less by con-
cealing it, even from yourself, after its indulgence.
It is better to look it in the face, confess that it
is wrong, and then try and shun it."

"I think, mother, I now begin to see what you
mean by the tongue-bridge," Maria said, looking
up seriously in the face of her kind adviser.

"Well, my child?"

"It is that we should shun the cause of evil
speaking."

"That is it, Maria. If we condemn the feel-
ing that prompts us to speak unkindly of others,
and try to conquer it, we shall be in little danger
of indulging the bad habit. But if we only curb
the busy 'little member,' at the same time that
we desire to speak censoriously, we will be sure,
sooner or later, to be betrayed into a word that
had better not been uttered. Kind feelings for,
and a desire to do good to others, is the best
tongue-bridge."

"I see plain enough, dear mother, and I am
resolved to try and put the true bridge upon my
tongue."

And Maria did try to some purpose. The lit-
tle difficulty that she was in, was amicably settled;
for she had all the parties together, confessed her
fault, and urged general reconciliation. If at any
time afterwards, she felt the desire to indulge in
unkind words, she turned her thoughts inward to
the unkind feelings that prompted them, and she
was soon so much engaged in trying to conquer
those feelings, that the desire to speak from them
passed away. She had found the true Tongue-
Bridge.

SINGULAR INGENUITY AND SKILL.—As an il-
lustration of the nicety and skill displayed in
some of the articles made by Boulton, the follow-
ing anecdote is related:—He visited France on
a certain occasion for the purpose of attending a
Mechanics' Fair that was to take place, at which
he begged to be allowed to exhibit a needle of
his own making, at the same time submitting it
to examiners of works, intended for this public
display; who, one and all, pronounced it to be
a "common needle" and not worthy of appearing
among the splendid and ingenious improvements
and inventions that usually graced the Fair.

"Gentlemen," observed Mr. Boulton, "my needle
is well worthy of appearance among your
promised novelties; only allow it to be exhibited
with them now, and I will afterwards show you
the reason why."

An unwilling assent to this request was finally
obtained, and when the Fair closed, and the
prizes were to be awarded, the arbitrators tri-
umphantly asked, "where was Boulton's needle?"
and what were the striking merits which every
one failed to discover?" Thereupon Mr. Boulton
again presented it for their inspection, with a
magnifying glass, begging them to state whether
they observed roughness or wrinkle on its sur-
face. The umpires returned it, saying, "Far
from it, its sole merit seems to be in its exquisite
polish." "Behold then," said this ingenious
man, "its indiscoverable merit, and whilst I
prove to you that I have made no vain boast of
its claims to your attention, you will learn, per-
haps not to judge so readily again by mere exterior
appearances." He then unscrewed the needle, where
another appeared of exquisite workmanship; and
to the astonished eyes of the Frenchmen, about
half a dozen beautiful needles were thus turned
out, neatly and curiously packed within each
other! a miracle of art that seems to rival all
we ever read of—a truly "multum in parvo." Mr.
Boulton triumphed in his turn, and carried off
the prize which his delicate workmanship so
richly deserved.

INDUSTRY AND INTEGRITY.—There is nothing
possible to man which industry and integrity will
not accomplish. The poor boy of yesterday, so
poor that a dollar was a miracle in his vision,
houseless, shoeless, and breadless—compelled to
wander on foot from village to village, with his
bundle on his back, in order to procure labor and
the means of subsistence, has become the talent-
ed and honorable young man of to-day, by the
power of his good right arm, and the potent in-
fluence of his pure principles, firmly held and
perpetually maintained. When poverty and what
the world calls disgrace stared him in the face,
he shuddered not, but pressed onward and exulted
most in high and great exertion in the midst
of accumulating disasters and calamities. Let
this young man be cherished for he honors his
country and dignifies his race. High blood—
what matters if this courses not his veins—he is
a freeborn American, and therefore a sovereign
and a prince. Wealth—what cares he for that,

so long as his heart is pure, and his walk upright
—he knows and his country knows that the little
finger of an honest and upright young man is
worth more than the whole body of an affeminate
and dishonest rich man. These are the men
who make the country—who bring it to what-
ever of iron sinew and unflinching spirit it possesses
or desires—who are rapidly rendering it the
mightiest, as it is already the freest land beneath
the circle of the sun.

THE SAW AND THE AXE.—A COCKNEY DIA-
LOGUE.—Early one spring morning, when the
sun had scarcely melted the hoar-frost from the
brown face of the wrinkled earth, an old axe hap-
pened to fall in with a saw. There was a "cut-
ting air" abroad that threatened the newly shav-
en chin with *chops*.

"Ah! my old blade!" said the Axe, "how
goes it with you? I came purposely to see how
you do."

"I really feel much obliged to you," said the
Saw, "but am sorry to say that my *teeth* are very
bad. My master has sent for the doctor, who
twixt you and I and the post, is no better than
an 'old file!' I was in the workshop last night
where—"

"Where, no doubt, you—saw a great deal,"
facetiously interrupted the Axe.

The Saw showed his teeth in a sort of grin be-
twixt melancholy and mirth, and resumed:

"Why, I may say so with some truth; and I
consider it no more than a duty I owe Mr. Car-
penter to do as much as I can, in spite of my
teeth, for he is really liberal—in point of *board*."

"And do you never grow rusty?" asked the
Axe.

"Not with *over work*," replied the Saw; "and
indeed, I have always found that constant em-
ployment best preserves our polish; which, after
all, is only artificial."

"You are quite a philosopher."

"Not exactly so; for I sometimes do grow ex-

*On the Resolutions in relation to the Public
Lands, delivered in the Senate of Maine, March
17. 1842.*

The cession of North Carolina, in 1789, is declared to have been made to furnish "further means as well of hastening the extinguishment of

quest, and its tendency was to strengthen the military arm of the State. But this American agrarian law, is a project, not to support the military vigor of the nation, by a division among the conquerors of a territory acquired by success of arms, but to divide and squander in time of peace, and for mercenary ends, a sacred public domain, ceded for the purpose of national defence, leaving the country without means of support,—corrupting and enfeebulating the people,—and depriving the very resource, intended to furnish it with the ability for successful opposition

Will *Miss* receive the bribe held out in this Act? Or rather, will she *not* reject it? Will she not, in the noble and magnanimous spirit of North Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Virginia, spurn to become a recipient of the benefits of an unwise and unconstitutional Act of the extra session of Congress? Will she not, by fixing the seal of State reprobation upon it, aid in forcing Congress into a repeal of that unhallooned measure? Can she sanction, even so far as a reception would go, this squandering of the public domain, the only permanent source of the revenue of a country,—this perversion of the sacred fund of the Revolution, designed for the common benefit of all the States, not to be parcelled out to them in *severalty*, but to be expended for their *jointly*—to be expended for their common defence and protection, for the permanent promotion of the national weal, and not to be doled out, and wasted by one generation, leaving as a legacy to the next, an impoverished country, a desolate and a bloated debt? Is the amount so large

When Dr. Johnson observed that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel, he of course did not mean genuine love of country. He spoke obviously of that cant, so sickening to a man of masculine understanding and solid integrity which is the invariable forerunner of treachery to party or country. Somebody has said, that when he heard a man talking about his virtue, he instinctively clapped his hand upon his breech, or pocket. This cant had been indulged to a nauseating degree, and especially by those fresh recruits from the ranks of Democracy, or pretended Democracy, who signalized their apostasy by the exaggerated zeal of the renegade. They had blackened the Democratic Administration with every ignominious charge; they had poisoned the public mind against it by every degrading imputation; by dint of bold assertion and reckless denunciation they had almost succeeded in clanking it into general odium. All these calumnies were piled upon the simple facts that, in the days of Madison and Monroe, some articles of furniture, with French names, were introduced into the White House; that General Jackson, against the advice of Mr. Van Buren had appointed an old Federalist collector at New York; although when the latter refused to renominat him, because his frauds were even suspected, the White merchants voted him a service of plate, called him to preside at a treacherous Conservative meeting, and actually announced him as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, with Mr. Webster for President; that Mr. Woodbury, generally upon the recommendation of Whig friends, had indulged some two or three dilatory land officers, with the hope that time would enable them to pay what would otherwise have been irredeemable losses. We forgot—there was another heinous offense, at which it was supposed that Virginians would shy like a wall-eyed horse at a stump by the roadside. It was the fearful conspiracy of Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Poinsett to suppress the liberties of a brave people with a standing army of two hundred thousand men, because of their

Boston Common.—They are improving the Common and Mall in Boston, by widening and rising the paths, and covering them with coarse gravel. The side walk by the garden fence has been enlarged.—a row of Elm trees has been set out at the edge of it,—also another row in the Mall upon Boylston street.

A brief debate took place
Botts, and Brown, of Pa.,
the amendment rejected—

